

the life of a man : but to counterfet dying when a man thereby liueth, is to be no counterfet, but the true and perfect image of life indeed. The better part of valour is discretion, in the which better part I haue saued my life. Zounds I am afraid of this gunpowder Percy, though he be dead: how if he should counterfet too and rise? by my faith, I am afraid he would proue the better counterfet: therefore ile make him sure, yea, and ile sweare I kild him. Why may not he rise as well as I? nothing confutes me but eyes, and no body sees me: therefore sirra, with a new wound in your thigh, come you along with me.

He takes vp Hotspur on his backe, Enter Prince and John of Lancaster.

Prin. Come, brother John, full brauely hast thou flesh't Thy mayden sword.

John. But lost, whom haue we here?

Did you not tell me this fat man was dead?

Prin. I did, I saw him dead,

Breathlesse and bleeding on the ground. Art thou aliue?

Or is it fantastic that playes vpon our cie-sight?

I prethee speake, we will not trust our eies

Without our eares, thou art not what thou seem'st.

Iass. No, that's certaine, I am not a double man: but if I be not Iacke Falstaffe, then am I a Iacke: there is Percie, if your father will doe mee any honour, so: if not, let him kill the next Percy himsele: I looke to be either Earle or Duke, I can assure you.

Prin. Why, Percy I kild my selfe, and saw thee dead.

Fal. Didst thou? I ord, Lord, how this world is giuen to lying: I grant you, I was downe, and out of breath, and so was hee, but wee rose both at an instant, and fought a long houre by Shrewsburie clocke, if I may be beleueed, so: if not, let them that should rewarde valour, beare the sinne vpon their owne heads. Ile take it vpon my death, I gaue him this wound in the thigh: if the man were aliue, and would denie it, Zounds I would make him eate a peece of my sword.

John. This is the strangest tale, that euer I heard.

Prin. This is the strangest fellow, brother John, Come, bring your luggage nobly on your backe.

For my part, if a lie may doe thee
Ile guild it with the happiest term

A restraite is

Prin. The Trumpet sounds re
Come, brother, let vs to the high
To see what friends are liuing, wh

Fal. Ile follow, as they say, for
God reward him. If I doe grow
purge and leaue Sacke, and liue
doe.

*The Trumpets sound, Enter the
John of Lancaster, Earle of W
Vernon, prisoners.*

King. Thus euer did rebellion
Illspirited Worcester, did not we
Pardon, and termes of loue to all
And wouldst thou turne our offer
Misuse the tenor of thy kinsmans
Three knights vpon our partie slai
A noble Earle, and many a creatur
Had been aliue this houre,
If like a Christian thou hadst truck
Betwixt our armies true intelligen

Wor. What I haue done, my fa
And I embrace this fortune patien
Since not to be auoyded, it fals on
King. Beare Worcester to the d
Other offenders we will pause vpo
How goes the field?

Prin. The noble Scot, Lord D
The fortune of the day quite turn
The noble Percy slaine, and all his
Vpon the foote of feare, fled with
And falling from a hill, he was so b
That the pursuers tooke him. At r
The Douglas is: and I beseech yo
I may dispose of him.